

A

REVIEW

OF THE

STATE

OF THE

BRITISH NATION

Thursday, September 21. 1710.

I Have spent many a *Review*, and may yet many more, in doing Justice to the Memory of King *William* ; Pray, Gentlemen, bear with me, in bestowing one Paper in Justice to King *James*, to whose Interest nevertheless, I am not the greatest Friend — Yet have this to recommend me to the *Jacobites*, if ever they should have Power to Question me about it, viz. That I am as much a Friend to that Party, as ever I pretended to be — I never was, *I thank God for it*, one of those that betray'd him, or any *Man else* ; I was never one of those that flatter'd him in his Arbitrary Proceedings, or made him believe I would bear Oppression and Inju-

stice, with a *Tamè Issachar*-like Temper, those that did so, and then flew in his Face, I believe as much betray'd him, as *Judas* did our Saviour, and their Crime, whatever the Protestant Interest gain'd by it, is no way lessened by the Good that came of it.

Had the Clergy of the Church of *England* honestly told him, as they have done the Queen, that if ever Arbitrary Power made any Attempt upon their Liberties, they would *Vigorously withstand it* — Had they convinc'd him, as they endeavour to do her Majesty, that this was not their Opinion only, but the Opinion of the whole Body of the Clergy of the Church of *England* ;

gland; will any Man make me believe King James would have been so much a Mad Man, to have made the Attempt? — It is not for any Man, tho' he had less respect for that Prince, than I ever pretended to, to suggest so much Folly in him.

It was for many Years together, that, I am Witness to it, the Pulpit sounded nothing but the Duty of Absolute Submission, Obedience without Reserve, Subjection to Princes, as God's Vicegerents, Accountable to none, to be wickhood in nothing, and by no Person — I have heard it publicly Preach'd, That if the King Commanded my Head, and sent his Messengers to fetch it, I was bound to submit, and stand still while it was cut off. I forbear to repeat the Foolish Extravagancies that these things run up to — There are too many Books still extant of the same, and let any Man read but a few of *L'Estrange's Observators*, *Tolleration Discus'd*, *Thomson's Rule of Allegiance*, the *History of Divine Right* — And many other the Volumes of that Age, and particularly the Addresses of the Corporations, &c. in those Days call'd Loyal, he shall find the Absurdest, and most Ridiculous Notions, that ever Protestant Nation were wheedled into.

And Monarchs may by these Examples see,
The utmost Bounds of Human Loyalty;
Tho' big with Words the Aery Fraud may swell,
When e're they are Oppress'd, they'll all Rebel:
The Meaning's plain, when the Carefs they Crown,
They'll bear with all Mens Ruin but their own.

And where's the Crime of all this, you'll say? Was it not happy for us? Was not the Revolution raised from it? Was it not the Foundation of Restoring our Liberty? Giving us King William, blessing us with a Protestant Queen, and pulling down France?

Hold, Gentlemen, the Resistance was indeed the Cause of all this — And I own it to be very good; but the first Profession of Non-Resistance, which they

What was the Effect of this? The Cheat was fatal two Ways; had those that preach'd it been sincere; had they been the Fools they made the King believe they would be, we had all been undone, our Liberties had been sacrific'd, our Laws made to truckle to the Will of the most Arbitrary Tyrant, and our Parliaments made Tools to the Pleasure of the Prince, like the Parliaments of France; for the Elections by the new Modelling the Corporations, were all coming into his own Hand — These were the Steps one Side drove at, but the mistake lay another Way, the Thing was a Cheat — The King fell into the Snare; he thought he had brought them to his beck, and the first touch he gave them, of the Practice, they flew in his Face, call'd in Foreign help, took Arms against God's Vicegerent, unswore all their Allegiance to him, and drove him out of the Kingdom — This they now handsomly express'd by *Vigorous and Successful withstanding Arbitrary Power*, and the Words are copious indeed in their Meaning, fully expressive of all that happened between the Landing of the Prince of Orange, and the Revolution.

never intended, was an unparrallel'd Fraud, a Cheat beyond the Arts of Hell itself, a double Treason, first against their Country, and then against their King; and we are just as much in Debt to them for the Revolution, as we are to him who first sets the Street on Fire, hoping to burn out his Neighbours, but helps to quench it when he finds his own House in Danger.

Bear with me, in giving you some Thoughts on this, tho' at second Hand, and formerly

Formerly Published, for the sake of those that may not have seen it ——— And I'll go on with the Observation afterwards.

If any Prince is flatter'd to believe,
Subjects will blind Obedience to him give ;
Let him be wary how he comes to try,
They'll all by Practice give their Words the Ly ;
If any doubt the Caution is not so,
Let them to *England* for Examples go.

England the Passive Mockery profess'd,
The Tyrant and the Tyranny Carefs'd ;
We Courted Chains, but 'twas in Court Disguise,
And Holy Fraud conceal'd the Sacred Lies ;
The Church the Mountebank, the King the Jest,
The Wheedled Monarch, and the Wheedling Priest ;
For when *Coercives* first began t' appear,
They made the Monarch *buy the Jest* too dear ;
'Told him they'd willingly support his Crown,
In any one's Oppression, *but their own* :
But when their own Destruction they foresaw,
They cry'd out *Loudest*, Liberty and Law ;
Their *Absolute Submission* soon withheld,
First beg'd their Monarch's Pardon, *then Rebell'd* ;
Softly dismiss'd him from his *Right Divine*,
And *Unswore* all Allegiance to his Line.
How Nat'ral 'tis to *Man* to save his own !
And rather to be Perjur'd than undone !

But where's the Crime ? *The Villany's from hence*,
Not in the Change, but in *the first Pretence* ;
Subjects to *Court their Prince* to Tyrannize ;
And make themselves the seeming Sacrifice !
Prompts him to exercise Despotick Power ;
And tell him, *They're the Men* he may devour !
Tell him to Rule by *Laws to Rule by Halves* ;
And own themselves his *Cattle* and his *Slaves* !
Pray, Cant, and Swear, Exotick Ways contrive,
To make their bubbld Prince *the Fraud believe* !
For this new *Villany* we want a Word,
Our *Barren Language* can no Phrase afford ;
Should we go *down* and search the Pathless Deeps ;
Where *Pluto* all his Treacherous Legions keeps ;

And

And make Enquiry 'mong *the faithless Race*,
This Treason's still too horrid for the Place.

Kneel to the *Black Bashaw*, and ask of He
This one kind Secret Thing but to reveal ; 11,
Repeat the Circumstances and the Time,
And ask what *Name*, what *Phrase* describes the Crime ;
My Life for thine, the *Honest Devil* replies,
The Fact beyond *Infernal Knowledge* lies.

These are the *Men* were foremost to betray,
And *Non-Resisting* Treachery led the Way :
These were the *Famous Knights* of *Salisbury*,
The Tribe of *Life-and-Fortune* Loyalty ;
The STAND-BY-MEN, the Old *Abhorring Race*,
Base in the Heart, and only *Brave* in Face ;
Who *drew* their Monarch in to be Betray'd,
And left him in the Quarrel *they had made*.
The Wretch that fawn'd with *Non-Resisting* Breath,
Deserts him in the Agonies of Death.
What Verse the blackn'd Party can expose,
Art Sinks as the *Infernal Mischief* grows ;
No Words the horrid Principle can tell,
'Tis born of Crime and laid too deep for Hell.

I must pursue this a little farther in my next, in order to clear up the
Innocence and Justice of the *London Clergy's Address*.

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Printed for and sold by *John Baker* at the *Black-Boy* in *Pater-Noster-Row*. 1710.